

You know the goodnesse I intend vpon you:
Till me but truly, but then speake the truth,
Do you not loue my Sister?

Bast. In honour'd Loue.

Reg. But haue you neuer found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place?

Bast. No by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I neuer shall endure her, deere my Lord
Be not familiar with her.

Bast. Feare not, she and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.

Alb. Our very louing Sister, well be-met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out.

Regan. Why is this reasond?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the Enemie:
For these domesticke and particulat broiles,
Are not the question heere.

Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.

Reg. Sister you'll go with vs?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most conuenient, pray go with vs.

Gon. On ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.

Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Heare me one word.

Alb. He ouertake you, speake.

Edg. Before you fight the Battaille, ope this Letter:
If you haue victory, let the Trumpet sound
For him that brought it; wretched though I seeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will proue
What is auouched there. If you miscarry,
Your businesse of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune loues you.

Alb. Stay till I haue read the Letter.

Edg. I was forbid it:

When time shall serue, let but the Herald cry,
And he appeare againe.

Alb. Why farethee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Bast. The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Heere is the guesse of their true strength and Forces,
By diligent discouerie, but your hast
Is now vrg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

Bast. To both these Sisters haue I sworne my loue:
Each iealous of the other, as the sting
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enioy'd
If both remaine aliue: To take the Widdow,
Exasperates, makes mad her Sister *Gonerill*,
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being aliue. Now then, wee'l vse
His countenance for the Battaille, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, deuise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercie
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The Battaille done, and they within our power,

Shall neuer see his pardon: for my state,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum with him. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Souldiers, ouer the Stage, and Exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Gloster.

Edg. Heere Father, take the shadow of this Tree
For your good hoast: pray that the right may thriue:
If euer I returne to you againe,
He bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you Sir.

Exit.

Alarum and Retreat within.

Enter Edgar.

Edgar. Away old man, giue me thy hand, away:
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his Daughter tane,
Giue me thy hand: Come on.

Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot euen heere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts againe?

Men must endure

Their going hence, euen as their coming hither,
Ripenesse is all come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter in conquest with Drums and Colours, Edmund, Lear, and Cordelia, as prisoners, Souldiers, Captaine.

Bast. Some Officers take them away: good guard,
Vntill their greater pleasures first be knowne
That are to censure them.

Gon. We are not the first,

Who with best meaning haue incur'd the worst:
For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,
My selfe could else out-frowne false Fortunes frowne.

Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no: come let's away to prison,

We two alone will sing like Birds i'th' Cage:

When thou dost aske me blessing, I'll kneele downe

And aske of thee forgiveness: So wee'l liue,

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh

At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues)

Talke of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too,

Who loofes, and who wins; who's in, who's out;

And take vpon's the mystery of things,

As if we were Gods spies: And wee'l weare out

In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,

That ebbe and flow by th' Moone.

Bast. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon such sacrifices my *Cordelia*,

The Gods themselves throw Incense.

Haue I caught thee?

He that parts vs, shall bring a Brand from Heauen,

And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes,

The good yeares shall deuoure them, flesh and fell,

Ere

Ere they shall make vs weepe?
Wele see e'm staru'd first: come.

Exit.

Bast. Come hither Captaine, hearke.

Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,
One step I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou do'st
As this instrueth thee, thou dost make thy way
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender minded
Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment
Will not beare question: either say thou'lt do't,
Or thriue by other meanes.

Capt. He do't my Lord.

Bast. About it, and write happy, when th'ha'st done,
Marke I say instantly, and carry it so
As I haue set it downe.

Exit Captaine.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you haue shew'd to day your valiant straine
And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiues
Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:
I do require them of you so to vse them,
As we shall find their merites, and our safety
May equally determine.

Bast. Sir, I thought it fit,
To send the old and miserable King to some retention,
Whose age had Charms in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common bosome on his side,
And turne our imprest Launces in our eies
Which do command them, With him I sent the Queen:
My reason all the same, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, to appeare
Where you shall hold your Session.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subiect of this Warre,
Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might haue bin demanded
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediacie may well stand vp,
And call it selfe your Brother.

Gon. Not so hot:

In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,

By me inuelted, he compeeres the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Iesters do oft proue Prophets.

Gon. Hola, hola,

That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.

Rega. Lady I am not well, else I should answere

From a full flowing stomack. Generall,

Take thou my Souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,

Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine:

Witnesse the world, that I create thee heere

My Lord, and Master.

Gon. Meane you to enioy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Bast. Nor in thine Lord.

Alb. Halfe-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the Drum strike, and proue my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet, heare reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee

On capital Treason; and in thy arrest,

This guildd Serpent: for your claime faire Sisters,

I bare it in the interest of my wife,

'Tis she is sub-contracted
And I her husband contr
If you will marry, make
My Lady is bespoken.

Gon. An enterlude.

Alb. Thou art armed

Let the Trimpet sound:

If none appeare to proue

Thy heynous, manifest,

There is my pledge: Ile

Ere I taste bread, thou art

Then I haue heere procla

Reg. Sicke, O sicke.

Gon. If not, Ile nere

Bast. There's my ex

That names me Traitor,

Call by the Trumpet: he

On him, on you, who ne

My truth and honor firm

Ere

Alb. A Herald, ho.

Trust to thy single vertue

All leuied in my name,

Tooke their discharge.

Regan. My sickness

Alb. She is not well

Come hither Herald, let

And read out this.

Ere

If any man of qualitie

my will maintain vpon

that he is a manifold Tra

sound of the Trumpet: he

Her. Againe.

Her. Againe.

Enter Ed

Alb. Aske him his

Vpon this Call o'th' Tr

Her. What are you

Your name, your quali

This present Summons

Edg. Know my na

By Treasons tooth: ba

Yet am I Noble as the

I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that

Edg. What's he that

Bast. Himselfe, wh

Edg. Draw thy Sw

That if my speech offer

Thy arme may do thee

Behold it is my priuile

The priuiledge of mine

My oath, and my profe

Maugre thy strength,

Despise thy victor-Sw

Thy valor, and thy hea

False to thy Gods, thy

Conspirant 'gainst this

And from th'extremest

To the discent and du